



CHAPTER IV.

There was no sleep for Captain Chester the rest of the night. He went home, threw off his sword belt and seated himself in a big easy chair before his fireplace, deep in thought. Once or twice he arose and paced restlessly up and down the room, as he had done in his excited talk with Rollins some few hours before. Then he was simply angry and argumentative or declamatory. Now he had settled down into a very different frame of mind. He seemed awed, stunned, crushed. He had all the bearing and mien of one who, having defiantly predicted a calamity, was thunderstruck by the verification of his prophecy.

In all his determined arraignment of Mr. Jerrold, in all the harsh things he had said and thought of him, he had never imagined any such depth of scandalousness as the revelations of the night foreshadowed. Chester differed from many of his brotherhood. There was no room for rejecting in his heart that the worst he had ever said of Jerrold was unequal to the apparent truth. He took no comfort in his soul that those who called him cynical, crabbed, unjust, even malicious, would now be compelled to admit he was right in his estimate. Like the best of us, Chester could not ordinarily say "Vade retro" to the temptation to think, if not to say, "Didn't I tell you so?" when in everyday affairs his oft disputed views were proved well founded. But in the face of such a catastrophe as now appeared engulfing the fair fame of his regiment and the honor of those whom his colonel held dear, Chester could feel only dismay and grief. What was his duty in the light of the discoveries he had made? To the best of his belief, he was the only man in the garrison who had evidence of Jerrold's absence from his own quarters and of the presence of some one at her window. He had taken prompt measures to prevent its being suspected by others. He purposely sent his guards to search along the cliff in the opposite direction, while he went to Jerrold's room and thence back to remove the telltale ladder. Should he tell, any one until he had conferred with Jerrold with the evidence of his guilt, and wringing from him his resignation send him far from the post before handing it in? Time and again he wished Frank Armistage were here. The youngest captain in the regiment, Armistage had been for years its adjutant and deep in the confidence of Colonel Maynard. He was a thorough soldier, a strong, self-reliant, courageous man, and one for whom Chester had ever felt a warm esteem. Armistage was on leave of absence however—had been away some time on account of family matters and would not return, it was known, until he had effected the removal of his mother and sister to the new home he had purchased for them in the distant east. It was to his company that Jerrold had been promoted, and there was friction from the very week that the handsome subaltern joined.

Armistage had long before "taken his measure" and was in no wise pleased that so lukewarm a soldier should have come to him as senior subaltern. They had a very plain talk, for Armistage was straightforward as a dart, and then, as Jerrold showed occasional lapses, the captain shut down on some of his most cherished privileges, and, to the indignation of society, the failure of Mr. Jerrold to appear at one or two gatherings where he was confidently expected was speedily laid at his captain's door. The recent death of his father kept Armistage from appearing in public, and, as neither he nor the major who commanded the regiment while Maynard was abroad, vouchsafed the faintest explanation, society was allowed to form its own conclusions and did to the effect that Mr. Jerrold was a young and persecuted man. It was just as the Maynards arrived at Sibley that Armistage departed on his leave, and to his unspeakable bliss, Mr. Jerrold succeeded to the command of his company. This fact, coupled with the charming relations which were straightway established with the colonel's family, placed him in a position of independence and gave him opportunities he had never known before. It was speedily evident that he was neglecting his military duties, that Company B was running down much faster than Armistage had built it up, and yet no man felt like speaking of it to the colonel, who saw it only occasionally on dress parade. Chester had about determined to write to Armistage himself and suggest his speedy return when this eventful night arrived. Now he fully made up his mind it must be done at once and had seated himself at his desk when the roar of the sunrise gun and the blare of the bugles warned him that reveille had come and he must again go to his guard. Before he returned to his quarters another complication, even more embarrassing, had arisen, and the letter to Armistage was postponed.

He had received the "present" of his guard and verified the presence of all his prisoners when he saw Major Sloat still standing out in the middle of the parade, where the adjutant usually received the reports of the roll calls. Several company officers, having made their reports, were snoring before breakfast time or to get their cup of coffee before going out to the range. Chester strolled over toward him.

"What's the matter, Sloat?" "Nothing much. The colonel told me to receive the reveille reports for Hoyt this week. He's on general court martial."

"Yes, I know all that, I mean, what are you waiting for?"

"Mr. Jerrold again. There's no report from his company."

"Have you sent to wake him?"

"No! I'll go myself and do it thoroughly. And the little major turned sharply away and walked direct to the low range of bachelor quarters.

dived under the piazza and into the green doorway.

Hardly knowing how to explain his action, Chester quickly followed and in less than a minute was standing in the selfsame parlor which, by the light of a flickering match, he had searched two hours before. Here he halted and listened, while Sloat pushed on into the bedroom and was heard vehemently apostrophizing some sleeper:

"Does the government pay you for this sort of thing, I want to know? Get up, Jerrold. This is the second time you've cut reveille in ten days. Get up, I say!" And the major was vigorously shaking at something, for the bed creaked and groaned.

"Wake up, I say! I'm blown if I'm going to get up here day after day and have you sleeping. Wake, Nicodemus! Wake, you snoring, snoring, open mouthed masher. Come now, I mean it."

A drowsy, disgusted yawn and stretch finally rewarded his efforts. Mr. Jerrold at last opened his eyes, rolled over, yawned sulkily again and tried to evade his persecutor, but to no purpose. Like a little terrier, Sloat hung onto him and worried and shook.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" growled the victim. "What do you want anyway? Has that infernal reveille gone?"

"Yes, and you're absent again, and no report from B company. By the holy pokers, if you don't turn out and get it and report to me on the parade I'll spot the whole gang absent, and then no matinee for you today, my buck. Come, out with you! I mean it. Hall says you and he have an engagement in town, and 'pon my soul I'll bust it if you don't come out."

And so, growling and complaining, and yet half laughing, Adonis rolled from his couch and began to get into his clothes. Chester's blood ran cold, then boiled. Think of a man who could laugh like that and remember! When, how, had he returned to the house? Listen!

"Confound you, Sloat! I wouldn't run you out in this shabby way. Why couldn't you let a man sleep? I'm tired half to death."

"What have you done to tire you? Slept all yesterday afternoon and dined perhaps a dozen times at the doctor's last night. You've had more sleep than I've had, begad! You took Miss Renwick home before 'twas dark, and mean it was of you, too, with all the fellows that wanted to dance with her."

"That wasn't my fault. Mrs. Maynard made her promise to be home at 12. You old cackler, that's what sticks in your crop yet. You are persecuting me because they like me so much better than they do you." He went on, laughingly now. "Come, now, Sloat, confess, it is all because you're jealous. You couldn't stand that picture, and I could."

Chester fairly started. He had urgent need to see this young gallant. He was staying for that purpose, but should he listen to further talk like this? Too late to move, for Sloat's answer came like a shot:

"But you you never could!"

"That didn't I tell you I had a week ago?"

"Aye, but I didn't believe it. You couldn't show it!"

"Pshaw, man! Look here. Stop, though. Remember, on your honor, you never tell."

"On my honor, of course."

"Well, there!"

A drawer was opened. Chester heard a gulp of disarray, of genuine astonishment and conviction mixed, as Sloat muttered some half articulate words and then came into the front room. Jerrold followed, caught sight of Chester and stopped short, with sudden and angry change of color.

"I did not know you were here," he said.

"It was to find where you were that I came," was the quiet answer.

There was a moment's silence. Sloat turned and looked at the two men in utter surprise. Up to this time he had considered Jerrold's absence from reveille as a mere dereliction of duty which was ascribable to the laziness and indifference of the young officer. So far as lay in his power, he meant to make him attend more strictly to business and had therefore come to his quarters and stirred him up. But there was no thought of any serious trouble in his mind. His talk had all been roughly good humored until that bet was mentioned, and then it became earnest. Now, as he glanced from one man to the other, he saw in an instant that something new—something of unusual gravity—was impending. Chester, but, set, almost haggard face, was standing by the center table under the droplight. Jerrold, only half dressed, his feet thrust into slippers, his fingers nervously working at the studs of his dainty white shirt, had stopped short at his bedroom door, and with features that grew paler every second and a dark scowl on his brow was glowering at Chester.

"Since when has it been the duty of the officer of the day to come around and hunt up officers who don't happen to be out at reveille?" he asked.

"It is not your absence from reveille I want explained, Mr. Jerrold," was the cold and deliberative answer. "I wanted you at 3:30 this morning, and you were not and had not been here."

An unmistakable start and shock; a quick, nervous, hunted glance around the room so cold and pallid in the early light of the August morning; a clutch of Jerrold's shins, brown hand at the bare of throat; but he rallied gamely, strode a step forward and looked the superior fellow in the face. Sloat marked the effort with which he cleared away the business that seemed to clog his larynx, but admired the spunk with which the young officer returned the senior's shot:

"What is your authority here, I would like to know? What business has the officer of the day to want me or any other man not on guard? Captain Chester, you seem to forget that I am no longer your second lieutenant and that I am a company commander like yourself. Do you come by Colonel Maynard's order to search my quarters and question me? If so, say so at once. I don't get out." And Jerrold's face was growing black with wrath, and his big, lustreous eyes were wide awake now and fairly snapping.

Chester leaned upon the table and deliberated a moment. He stood there coldly, distrustfully eyeing the excited lieutenant, then turned to Sloat:

"I will be responsible for the roll call of Company B this morning, Sloat. I have a matter of grave importance to bring up to this gentleman, and it is of a private nature. Will you let me see him alone?"

"Sloat," said Jerrold, "don't go yet. I want you to stay. These are my quarters, and I recognize your right to come here in search of me, since I was not at reveille, but I want a witness here to bear me out. I'm too amazed yet, too confounded by this intrusion of Captain Chester, to grasp the situation. I never heard of such a thing as this. Explain it if you can."

"Mr. Jerrold, what I have to ask or say to you concerns you alone. It is not an official matter. It is as man to man I want to see you, alone and at once. Now will you let Major Sloat retire?"

Silence for a moment. The angry flush on Jerrold's face died away, and in its place an ashen pallor was spreading from throat to brow. His lips were twitching ominously. Sloat looked in consternation at the sudden change.

"Shall I go?" he finally asked.

Jerrold looked long, fixedly, searchingly in the set face of the officer of the day, breathing hard and heavily. What he saw there Sloat could not imagine. He made a little motion with it—a slight wave toward the door—and again dropped it nervously. His lips seemed to frame the word "Go," but he never glanced at the man whom a moment before he so masterfully held to stay, and Sloat, sorely puzzled, left the room.

Not until his footsteps had died out of hearing did Chester speak:

"How soon can you leave the post?"

"I don't understand you."

"How soon can you pack up what you need to take and—get away?"

"Get away where? What on earth do you mean?"

"You must know what I mean! You must know that after last night's work you quit the service at once and forever."

"I don't know anything of the kind, and I defy you to prove the faintest thing." But Jerrold's fingers were twitching, and his eyes had lost their light.

"Do you suppose I did not recognize you?" asked Chester.

"When—where?" gasped Jerrold.

"When I seized you and you struck me!"

"I never struck you. I don't know what you mean."

"My God, man, let us end this useless fencing. The evidence I have of your last night's scandalous conduct before the strongest record. For the regiment's sake—for the colonel's sake—let us have no public scandal. It's awful enough as the thing stands. Write your resignation, give it to me and leave—before breakfast, if you can."

"I've done nothing to resign for. You know perfectly well I haven't."

"Do you mean that such a crime—that a woman's ruin and disgrace—isn't enough to drive you from the service?" asked Chester, tingling in every nerve and longing to clinch the shapely, swelling threat in his clutching fingers.

"God of heaven, Jerrold, are you dead to all sense of decency?"

"Captain Chester, I won't be bullied this way. I may not be immaculate, but no man on earth shall talk to me like this! I deny your insinuation. I've done nothing to warrant your words, even if—if you did come sneaking around here last night and find me absent. You can't prove a thing. You—"

"What! When I saw you—almost caught you! By heaven, I wish the sentry had killed you then and there! I never dreamed of such hardness!"

"You've done nothing but dream. By Jove, I believe you're sleep walking yet! What on earth do you mean by catching and killing me? 'Pon my soul, I reckon you're crazy, Captain Chester. And color was gradually coming back to Jerrold's face and confidence to his tone.

"Enough of this, Mr. Jerrold. Knowing what you and I both know, do you refuse to hand me your resignation?"

"Of course I do."

"Do you mean to deny to me where I saw you last night?"

"I deny your right to question me. I deny anything—everything. I believe you simply thought you had a claw and could make me tell. Suppose I was out last night. I don't believe you know the faintest thing about it."

"Do you want me to report the whole thing to the colonel?"

"Of course I don't. Naturally I want him to know nothing about my being out of quarters, and it's a thing that no officer would think of reporting another for. You'll only win the contempt of every gentleman in the regiment if you do it. What good will it do you? Keep me from going to town for a few days, I suppose. What earthly business is it of yours anyway?"

"Jerrold, I can stand this no longer. I ought to shoot you in your tracks. I believe. You've brought ruin and misery to the home of my warmest friend and dishonor to the whole service, and you talk of two or three days' stoppage from going to town! If I can't bring you to your senses, by God, the colonel shall!" And he wheeled and left the room.

For a moment Jerrold stood stunned and silent. It was useless to attempt reply. The captain was far down the walk when he sprang to the door to call him again. Then, hurrying back to the bedroom, he hastily dressed, muttering angrily and anxiously to himself as he did so. He was thinking deeply, too, and every movement betrayed nervousness and trouble. Returning to the front door, he gazed out upon the parade, then took his satchel and walked rapidly down toward the adjutant's office. The orderly bugler was tilted up in a chair, leaning half asleep against the whitewashed front, but his was a weaned nap, for he sprang up and saluted as the young officer approached.

"Where did Major Sloat go, orderly?" was the hurried question.

"Over toward the stables, sir. Him and Captain Chester was here together, and they're just gone."

"Run over to the quarters of B company and tell Merrick I want him right away. Tell him to come to my quarters. And thither Mr. Jerrold returned, seated himself at his desk, wrote several lines of a note, tore it into fragments, began again, wrote another which seemed not entirely satisfactory and was in the midst of a third when there came a quick step and a knock at the door. Opening the shutters, he glanced out of the window. A gust of wind sent some of the papers whirling and flying, and the bedroom door banged shut, but not before some few half sheets of paper had fluttered out upon the parade, where other little flurries of the morning breeze sent them sailing over toward the colonel's quarters. Anxious only for the coming of Merrick and no one else, Mr. Jerrold no sooner saw who was at the front door than he closed the shutters, called, "Come in!" and a short, squat, very little man, dressed in the fatigue uniform of the infantry, stood at the doorway to the hall.

"Come in here, Merrick," said the lieutenant, and Merrick came. "How much is it you owe me now—thirty odd dollars, I think?"

"I believe it is, Lieutenant," answered the man, with shifting eyes and general uneasiness of mien.

"You are not ready to pay it, I suppose, and you got it from me when we left Fort Rainer to help you out of that scrape there?"

The soldier looked down and made no answer.

"Merrick, I want a note taken to town at once. I want you to take it."

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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1894

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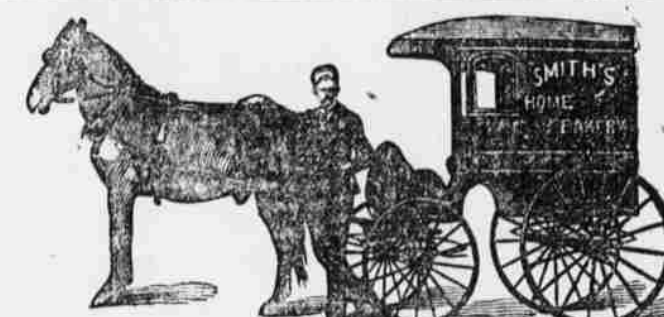
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Taylor—Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative. Durban—Lawrence Stone Co., Gold Medal. Moon—John McCrindle, Gold Medal. Pittston—M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal. Clark's Green—Frac & Parker, Superlative. Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal. Dalton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand. Robinson—J. E. Harding. Waverly—M. W. Bliss & Son, Gold Medal. Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal. Hopkinton—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal. Tobyhanna—Tobyhanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand. Goshenboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand. Moscow—Gage & Clements, Gold Medal. Lake Ariel—James A. Bortone, Gold Medal. Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Medal.



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